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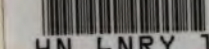

WORKING FOR THE BOSS

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WORKING FOR THE BOSS

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TO

WILLIAM MORGAN KINGSLEY

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money, all things else are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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CHAPTER I

The Right to Work

INTELLIGENT minds of to-day refuse to believe that work was imposed on the human race as a curse or a punishment. That preposterous idea of a gloomy past has been resolutely, permanently discarded.

We know better now. We have discovered the cheering fact that work is our good friend. To some of us, laboring under serious physical or mental handicap, or in sordid surroundings, it appears to be a friend in disguise if a friend at all.

But most of us, after giving the problem honest thought, have come to the inevitable

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conclusion that work is the very opposite of a punishment. It is a blessing, a boon, a prime requisite in our marvelously interesting journey forward and upward. We are here for growth, and we simply cannot grow without work.

Carlyle called work "the modern majesty." "What a man can do," he wrote, "is his greatest ornament, and he always consults his dignity by doing it."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, an invalid during the greater part of her life, was a high priestess of the world-old religion of labor. "Get work!" she urged. "Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get."

A modern apostle who is in perfect agreement with Carlyle and Mrs. Browning is Carl Hilty, Professor of Constitutional Law in the University of Bern. One would scarcely expect a man in such a position to be the one to write a successful book on "Happiness," but such is the case. Professor Hilty's vol-

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ume has run through several editions and has been warmly welcomed by workers the world over.

Carl Hilty insists that the art of work is the most important of all arts, and that if one could thoroughly understand this one thing, all other knowledge and conduct would be infinitely simplified. Work and rest, he says, are not contradictions; if they were, our social conditions would be wholly beyond redemption.

Rest, this wise Professor suggests, is not to be found in complete inactivity of mind or body, or in as little activity as possible. On the contrary, it is to be found only in well-adapted and well-ordered activity of both body and mind. True rest, therefore, issues from work.

Intellectual rest occurs through the perception of fruitful progress in one's work, and through the solving of one's problems. Physical rest is found in those natural in-

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termissions which are given by daily sleep and daily food, and the essential and restful pause of Sunday. Such a condition of continuous and wholesome activity, interrupted only by these natural pauses, is the happiest condition on earth, and no man should wish for himself any other outward happiness.

This, in brief, is Hilty's philosophy of work. He calls the unemployed "the most unfortunate of people," and covets for workmen the great joy of absolutely losing themselves in their work. He gives many concrete suggestions about work which are invaluable to employers and employees alike. In fact, the workers of the world need just the message that is given them so unexpectedly by this professor of law in a Swiss university.

So much for evidence. If it seems trustworthy, let us agree, before we proceed to our relations with the boss for whom we work, upon these points:

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1. That work is good for us.

2. That we should find our greatest happiness in it, and not in escape from it.

3. That the most salutary form of rest consists in change from one kind of useful work to another kind.

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CHAPTER II

What You Owe the Boss

MOST of us work for somebody else. There are few bosses so high up as to be above all responsibility to other bosses. These brief chapters, then, are written for men, women and youths who work for an employer, a co-partnership firm, or a corporation.

That does not bar out the poor boss entirely. If he wants to read, too, he is welcome. He may get some side-lights on his own problems.

Now the first and most important thing you and I owe our employer is loyalty. That word deserves to be printed in italics, *loyalty*. And once again in capitals, LOYALTY.

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You cannot overemphasize it, for it is a fundamental principle in the relations of the employee and the employer.

When you go to work you say, or ought to say, to the man who enters your name on his payroll: "I am going to work with you, as well as for you, from this day on. Your interests will be my interests, your responsibilities mine. I will not be a traitor to you for a single moment nor in the slightest degree. You have given me a chance to work. I will give you honest, loyal service."

If you accept a man's pay-envelope while you are studying his methods and learning confidential details of his business for the benefit of his business rival, you are obviously a traitor, if not a thief.

But there are other forms of treachery. Suppose you are a member of the sales force. Your business is not merely to show goods, have them wrapped and delivered, and return

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change to the customer; it is to make that customer a permanent asset for your employer.

This involves intelligence, tact, courtesy and a little diplomacy. If you know the stock perfectly, and show it in an accommodating way, the chances are ten to one that you will secure the customer's permanent patronage.

But if you have only a superficial acquaintance with the goods on your employer's shelves, and display them with a preoccupied air that plainly shows your thoughts to be elsewhere, the customer will get away from you, and that means that he will get away from your employer. You could not have injured your employer much more had you deliberately urged the customer to go to a rival establishment.

You owe the boss, then, intelligence and courtesy as well as loyalty. Right now, before you finish reading this chapter, close the

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book and take a little inventory of yourself with these three qualities as touchstones.

Am I absolutely loyal, in word and deed and thought? Do I know as much as I ought to about the details of that part of my employer's business that he has entrusted to me? Am I as polite and obliging as I should be in attending to the wants of his clients?

Ask yourself these questions, and give an honest answer to each. The process may help you to see just why you have not forged ahead as rapidly as you expected to. It may give you just the hints you need to enable you to go after that coveted better position with renewed energy and enthusiasm.

As a matter of fact, the exercise of these qualities will help you as much as it helps the boss. Your welfare is bound up in his. If you show poor salesmanship, and the other salespeople are no better, the boss will soon have no customers left. Then the business

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will go to smash and you will be out of a job.

You owe the boss also a full, honest, good-measure day's work every day, but that is important enough to demand a chapter by itself.

The message of this second chapter is that we should be steadfastly loyal to our employers, intelligently familiar with every detail of our allotted tasks, and unfailingly courteous to every client, actual or prospective.

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CHAPTER III

What the Boss Owes You

THE over-man has responsibilities, too. The most obvious of them is to see that you get your pay-envelope at the appointed time, with the correct amount of legal tender inside. But there are other obligations on his part, fully as important to the worker and to those who depend on the worker's wage for sustenance.

Some of them concern your bodily health and comfort. You are entitled to a safe, well-lighted, well-heated, and well-ventilated working-place. You spend nearly a third of your adult life on the job. Your employer owes you a decent place in which to perform your daily task, and he is gravely at fault if

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he does not provide it for you. He is also very short-sighted, for it is next to impossible for you to do good work in a bad place.

Your employer should pay you a fair living wage or salary for a fair day's work. He is not in duty bound, however, to give you big wages for poor work, or for work that demands only a low degree of intelligence. An unskilled laborer must not expect to receive a skilled laborer's pay, unless, perhaps, he is a personal friend of the district leader.

The employer owes you a chance to grow. If he is the right kind of an employer he wants you to grow, for one of his hardest problems is the discovery of efficient, dependable helpers to fill positions of responsibility in his business.

He is watching you more carefully than you dream. I might almost say that he is praying for you. His way of praying may not be orthodox, but he is devoutly hoping that you will turn out to be good for something.

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And prayer, in the last analysis, is simply hope expressed in words.

So, in all probability, the boss wants to *help* you to grow. Just how he does it depends on his intelligence and resourcefulness and on your capacity to respond to mental and moral inspiration when it is provided for you.

Many up-to-the-minute employers have established schools for their employees. Some of them offer training so effective and complete that an employee of average equipment can get, if not the equivalent of a college course, at least a very good substitute for one.

Other employers, while not providing general educational advantages, have instituted schools or courses of salesmanship. By training their helpers to know goods and values, and to talk intelligently and tactfully to prospective customers, they have added to their gross sales many times the cost of the courses of instruction.

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On the moral side, an employer's duty is fairly clear. He owes every employee, however humble, the respect that is due to all who earn an honest living by hard work. To his women employees, especially, he owes thoughtful, courteous consideration.

Few employers realize the tremendous opportunity they have to help their co-workers in ways that are vital. The boss is a big man to those who take his orders; if he isn't, it is his own fault. What he says carries great weight with his subordinates. What he does carries even more.

If this is true, it follows that the boss owes his helpers the benefit of a good example. Fortunately it is not difficult to find men and women in positions of heavy responsibility who are not too busy, too tired or too selfish to shed a little sweetness and light on the lives of their helpers.

The boss, then, owes you a fair wage, a wholesome working-place, coöperation with

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your efforts to make yourself more efficient, and a friendly personal interest, stopping short of the familiarity that breeds contempt.

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CHAPTER IV

Time is Money

HORACE MANN, whose name is perpetuated by one of the most famous schools of America, expressed the value of time in this way: "Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever!"

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that you are the loser of two golden hours of *time that belongs to the boss.* If you lost two hours in a single day he would doubtless be aware of it, and call you to account. But you might lose that much in a week or a month without his knowing of the loss.

You have harmed at least two people—

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your employer and yourself. The boss is the loser by the value of the work you would have done in the two hours. You have started, or confirmed, a habit that will bankrupt you if you continue to yield to it.

The boss pays you to use your time in his behalf instead of your own. If he gives you two dollars for eight hours' work he has a right to expect twenty-five cents' worth of service each hour. If you loaf one hour of the eight each day, and take pay for it, you have obtained money under false pretenses.

It is possible, of course, for an employer to be too strict in this respect. But such a course defeats its own purpose. Only a very unwise, inexperienced boss will insist that his subordinates work at top speed all the time.

Scientific management experts have shown us that frequent brief periods of rest serve to increase the day's production rather than to diminish it. But some of us try to make

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a day's work out of long spells of rest and brief periods of activity.

Here is a good rule. Gauge your rate of speed so that at the end of the day you can honestly say: "I have given the boss his money's worth every hour to-day."

He will know it. Even though he does not consciously study you, in some way he is sensible of the fact that you are trying to deliver the goods. The result will be registered in your pay-envelope sooner or later.

If time is money to the boss, it is the same to you. Spending time unwisely is fully as bad as wasting money, and may be worse. "Dost thou love life?" said old Ben Franklin. "Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

Minutes are worth dollars to you if you only know how to put them out at interest.

Invested in gambling, drinking, and dissipations along the Great White Way, they bring you dividends in debt, headaches and a

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bad taste in your mouth the next morning.

Invested in bridge, tangos and theater tickets, they bring fleeting satisfaction but no real, abiding good.

Invested in moderate out-door exercise, honest work, study, the reading of noble books and the forming of worthy friendships, they give you life-long dividends of health and happiness.

If you are tired of working for the boss and want to start in for yourself, a wholesome respect for the value of time is one of the first things you must acquire.

Not until you have trained yourself to get all the good there is in every flying minute will you be qualified to swing a business of your own and make a thorough success of it.

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CHAPTER V

Winning the Obstacle Race

WORKING for the boss involves overcoming all kinds of difficulties. To make good, you must not be afraid of lions in the path. The wise worker pursues them, slays and skins them, and brings the pelt home for material for a heavy overcoat or a rug for the hall.

Lee Graham was that kind of a worker. Employed in the block-signal department of a Western railroad, he wanted desperately to go to college. So he saved his earnings and finally accumulated enough to carry him through the freshman and sophomore years.

Then, his savings spent, he went back to the job. It had been held open for him be-

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cause he knew the block-signal business from A to Z.

When he had earned money enough to take him through the junior and senior years at college he went back, but the day he returned to the classroom he was stricken with paralysis.

From his neck down he was to all intents and purposes a dead man. But fortunately his brain was unaffected.

For weeks his father, his brother and some of his college mates worked over him. They rubbed and massaged until they were at the point of exhaustion, and finally they began to see a little improvement.

Graham was rushed to a sanitarium and the treatment was continued. The sick boy watched every move of the physicians and nurses. Much of the treatment was electrical. As he had been doing the work of an electrician with the railroad, he saw with understanding eyes.

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One day the X-ray apparatus went wrong. Graham was still unable to move, but his brain was working overtime. He lay there on his cot and figured out what the trouble was with the machine.

Then he called the attending physician and said: "I will tell you how to make the repairs."

The doctor smiled good-humoredly, but made no move toward the machine. The boy insisted, and the doctor, by following instructions, soon had the apparatus in good working order again.

That gave the doctor an idea.

"What are you going to do," he asked Graham, "when you get well?"

"I have just decided," said the boy. "I am going to be a physician and fight paralysis."

"Good for you!" exclaimed the doctor. "And I'll help you."

He went to work with new vigor at the

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treatment of his remarkable patient. Before long he had him sitting up, and then standing with the aid of crutches.

Lee Graham went back to college. He received his diploma from one of the best universities in the Middle West. As these chapters are written he is beginning his course in a famous Eastern medical college.

He has already begun his fight against his great enemy, paralysis. He has fitted up a room with electrical appliances, and is cooperating with local physicians in the treatment of severe cases, particularly of infantile paralysis.

How is that for a way of treating obstacles? Doesn't it make the rest of us a little ashamed?

We thought we had real troubles, working for the boss. But ours bear about the same relation to Lee Graham's that a mosquito bite does to the shock of a bullet from a Mauser rifle.

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CHAPTER VI

Do You Count?

THIS chapter is for the worker who is tempted to say to himself: "What is one among so many?"

Do you ever feel like that? Are you ever disposed to mope in a corner and ask: "What's the use?"

You are like the boy who complained that nobody loved him—he would go out in the garden and eat worms.

Of course you believe that you have some excuse. You hear people speak of "only a worker," or "just a poor shop-girl," and you get an idea that human beings in general don't care especially for you and yours.

Well, many a good man, striving to bring

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about some worthy and unselfish end, has been overcome by a poignant sense of loneliness.

Many an honest worker, failing to receive the coöperation of even his best friends, has felt like giving up the struggle altogether.

BUT DON'T YOU DO IT!

When lonely thoughts come to you, just remember what has been accomplished for humanity by isolated, friendless men and women.

Take John the Baptist—a good example of a man who worked for the Boss. He thought of himself as "a voice crying in the wilderness."

Since his time many another voice has uttered the same lonely cry. Luther felt the bitterness of standing alone. So did Savonarola.

Lincoln carried on his unsupported shoulders the threatened disruption of the Union.

Here is a Persian couplet. Memorize it

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and repeat it to yourself when you are skeptical of the value of the individual:

> "A single human sigh may burn
> Till it the world shall overturn."

That is a good motto for a struggling reformer, or a struggling worker for the boss.

The solitary voice of such a worker may be heard only indistinctly by the men of his own generation. It may take years, or even centuries, for its leaven to work.

But work it will, for all the power of the universe is back of the word of truth and love, no matter how quietly it be spoken, or how unassuming be the speaker of it.

Teach yourself to have faith in your mission, and in your own personality.

If something is out of plumb in your personality, straighten it up without delay. Possibly your distrust of yourself is nine-tenths the consciousness of inefficiency. Is it?

Take a good inventory of yourself. Don't

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be afraid to put down your good qualities and bad qualities in black and white.

Study them. See what bad qualities need to be permanently erased from the list; what good ones should be added.

Then go ahead working for the boss, resolutely, perseveringly, cheerfully.

Bless you, you're not alone after all.

Millions of workers are moving forward with you, thinking the same thoughts, hoping the same hopes.

You are part of a great plan, a great movement. See that your part doesn't botch the plan in any particular.

See that you don't impede the movement by lagging behind.

Concentrate on that, and you'll never feel alone for a single minute.

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CHAPTER VII

Stop, Look and Listen

WELL-KNOWN writers, working for the editor boss, sometimes get big pay.

Conan Doyle is said to have received a dollar a word for some of his writings. Theodore Roosevelt is reported to have been paid at the same rate for the story of his African hunting expedition.

But the man who condensed a long and complicated railroad warning into six short words received a thousand dollars a word for his work.

The original sign began, "Beware of the engine and cars," and continued with about five minutes' worth of wordy injunctions.

Successful damage suits were brought, on

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the ground that the long-winded signs were not clear warnings.

A lawyer was engaged to write a short one.

For the famous "Railroad Crossing—Stop, Look and Listen," which has become a classic in the realm of railroad operation, he received $6,000.

The directors considered the amount well spent.

The last four words are well worth keeping in mind, in view of the too high premium we workers, and particularly city workers, place on speed.

We are continually rushing by unhappy situations that a pause of two or three minutes and the exercise of a little friendly helpfulness might do much to better.

This happened in New York not long ago. A man lay dead for twenty-four hours on the string-piece of a North River wharf, in full view of hundreds of people going to and fro.

At dusk a driving rain came on. Passers-

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by were heard to mutter, "Only a drunk," as they hurried home from work.

Many glanced at the reclining form, but not until the next morning did a good Samaritan stop to see if by any chance the 'longshoreman needed help. The ambulance surgeon who came at his call said that the man had been dead all night.

Of course it is right for each of us to "mind his own business."

The impersonality of city life is a grateful boon, especially when we contrast it with the impertinent prying and the petty gossip of many small towns.

In the city we may, within reasonable limits, dress as we please, eat when and what we like, and come and go with the maximum of personal freedom and the minimum of interference on the part of our neighbors.

But minding our own business may be carried, as in this case, to an extreme not far removed from brutality.

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It is right to be energetic, and intent upon our own affairs.

But it is *criminally wrong* to be so busy with them that we cannot show, when occasion demands, the sympathy and help that every man owes to every other man.

In each big city there are hundreds who suffer for lack of the bare necessities of life, to say nothing of being compelled constantly to look with longing eyes upon things they cannot have.

Let us *stop* occasionally in our feverish haste; *look* about us among our fellow workers; *listen* for the cry for help or sympathy that is sure to come from one quarter or another, as long as the throbbing life of the city continues.

And having located the trouble, let us show as much speed, energy and intelligence in alleviating it as we do in our daily chase of the nimble dollar.

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CHAPTER VIII

The Night Shift

SOMEBODY is working for the boss all the time. Wherever you go, early or late, you see busy people. Thousands of them are pegging away at their tasks while you and I are asleep.

If we want to go from one part of the city to another at three o'clock in the morning, there is always some kind of a conveyance to carry us.

The man in charge of the hansom, or taxicab, or street car, would much rather be sleeping than chasing about the town in all kinds of weather.

It can't be much fun to work all night, every night, and come home in the morning

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to try to sleep while the rest of the world is wide awake, making all the noise it can.

As we catch an occasional glimpse of these night-toilers, pursuing their sunless routine, we ought to be thankful for the privilege of performing our part of the world's work in the daytime.

The little daughter of the editor of a morning newspaper was asked what her father did for a living.

She replied: "I div' it up. He mus' be a burglar, 'cause he's out all night."

Lack of an opportunity to get acquainted with one's family is only one of the many disadvantages connected with this kind of work.

Night employment is unhealthful. Its loneliness induces morbid habits of thought. It is full of dangers that in daytime are sun-dispelled.

Not long ago a philanthropic society, interested especially in the care and protection

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of children, heard disquieting rumors in regard to night messenger service in the larger cities of the country.

The society employed an expert investigator to ferret out the facts. His report showed that the rumors were only too well founded.

Boys of 14 to 17 were required to visit places that no boy should ever see, places that grown men with any moral sense would never think of entering.

The workers of the society immediately began a campaign which promises to dispose of this problem permanently, by doing away with the employment of young boys in messenger service at night.

A member of a downtown church in New York was impressed by the great number of young men who were employed in and near "Newspaper Row."

After the last edition of the morning pa-

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pers was off the press, a stream of workers emerged from the printing plants.

Some of them hurried home. But not all of them.

Some found their way to disreputable places which were kept open for the very purpose of catching these night workers.

The church member said to himself: "We ought to do something for these boys." So he arranged for a meeting of the church officials, and suggested that a short service be held in the church at 3 o'clock every morning.

The plan was adopted, and in a few days the early morning services were inaugurated. Men from the newspaper offices, and other night workers, crowded the church, and showed by their continued loyalty that they appreciated what was being done for them.

Now what can *we* do for them? Be good-natured, for one thing. The lot of the noc-

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turnal motorman, conductor, policeman or waiter is heavy enough as it is.

The night-worker isn't getting any too much fun out of his job. He has to work while the rest of us play.

He deserves our sympathy, our special thoughtfulness and consideration.

He deserves to have us scratch around a bit and see if we can't get him a chance to work for the boss in the daytime.

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CHAPTER IX

Called on to Pitch

A BOY of eleven, with a normal American's enthusiasm for the national game, made requisition on his father for a baseball suit and cap.

The father was open to conviction. Fond of baseball himself, he took no little pride in the fact that his son and heir was turning out to be a chip of the old block.

So the Ways and Means Committee met and decided to provide the necessary equipment. Father and son went together, and it was hard to determine which was the prouder of the two.

The measurements were taken, but before the boy descended from the perch on which

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he had been placed, he gave some directions to the officiating tailor.

"The sleeves," said the youngster, "must be made with buttons above the elbow, so the lower part can be taken off if necessary."

"What's that for?" asked the father.

"Well, you see, Dad," was the reply, "I'm only a fielder, but I've been doing a little practicing in the box lately. When the big game comes on I may be called upon to pitch."

The rest of this chapter has to do with a young man who did not foresee a similar possibility.

He started at five dollars a week, as office boy for a philanthropic society. After spending about a year there, he advertised for another place and secured one at seven dollars a week.

The new job was with a mercantile concern, and promised to develop into something really worth while. But the young man could not be convinced that there was no such

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thing as standing still—he must either go ahead or slip back.

He worked from 8 to 12, and from 12:30 to 5:30. He had all of his evenings free, as well as part of Saturday afternoon, and all day Sunday. With less spare time than that, men have done wonders.

While he was on the job he did well enough what was assigned him to do. He was fairly intelligent, active and willing to work.

But he never interested himself in the other parts of the office system. He never discovered what came before and after the particular functions he was required to perform. He never took up, outside of office hours, studies which would help him to advance.

His pay had been increased on account of his length of service, but he gave no sign of promise that he would ever be ready to go up a peg in case of a vacancy above him.

Finally the inevitable happened.

Someone moved on, and left an opening,

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but this young man had not made himself ready to profit by it.

His next move would have been to the position of assistant cashier.

But the manager said: "I can't give you that place. If the cashier should be sick, you would have to do his work. I can't trust you to do it. You can't fill the bill, and as we want here only the kind of men who prepare themselves to advance, we shall have to let you go altogether."

And he went.

He failed to live up to a big opportunity because he had not foreseen that he might be called upon to pitch.

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CHAPTER X

Earning an Extra Dollar

WORKERS who are satisfied with the contents of their weekly pay-envelope or the size of their monthly check do not need to puzzle over schemes for earning money "on the side."

But most of us can find use for more than we get at our regular employment. If we have a fair amount of ingenuity and a little energy left after an honest, full-measure day's work for the boss, there is no reason why we should not earn a few extra shekels.

Some workers do this from sheer necessity. Their regular job does not pay them enough to support them and their families in decent comfort. Others do it to secure money for

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some special purpose not provided for in the budget.

A colored boy of nineteen, supporting a widowed mother with two small children, found that his wages as elevator boy in an office building were insufficient, so he went after an evening job. Finally he secured work as usher in a theater, and he and his family are now, comparatively speaking, "on Easy Street."

Addressing envelopes is a form of employment sought by many workers for the sake of earning money after regular working hours. This pays from 75 cents to a dollar or more per thousand envelopes, and may be done at home.

Expert book-keepers whose hours are not long frequently take on outside work, to be done in the evening or on Saturday afternoons and holidays. Special service of this kind is often handsomely paid for, and many a book-keeper earns enough in this way to

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make substantial increases in his savings account.

A knowledge of French, German, Italian or Spanish may often be turned into money. Firms which have some foreign correspondence, but not enough to justify the employment of a regular translator, are glad to find someone who will make accurate translations at a specified rate per letter, or per hundred words.

Work of this kind pays in more ways than one. It often has a distinct educational value, as the translator learns valuable lessons in business methods, as well as some geography and perhaps even a little diplomacy.

Americans who command a foreign language may also earn good wages at tutoring. Prospective tourists often wish to "brush up" a bit on French, German or Italian, and are willing to pay from one to three dollars an hour for competent coaching.

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Some very clever, out-of-the-ordinary ways of earning extra money have been invented or discovered recently.

There is, for example, the young lady in California who makes a handsome living by raising butterflies and selling them to collectors.

A man in Indiana spent his vacation hunting pearls for the market. Hiring a pony and a spring-wagon, he and his wife followed the course of a small river.

The bed of the stream was full of stones, around which the couple found the large, rough mussel shells they were seeking.

The husband gathered the shells and his wife opened them. The result of their trip was a collection of small pearls which they sold for $60, and one pearl worth $25, which the man had set in a ring for his wife as a souvenir of the vacation.

Not many of us can make money hunting pearls. But if we look around us carefully

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and persistently we are sure to find some way to earn a few extra dollars.

Then from few to many is only a short step.

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CHAPTER XI

Two Girls Who Made Good

DOWN in picturesque tidewater Virginia, where people seem to know how to have a good time the whole year through, lived a well-to-do family named Swain.

Things were going pleasantly for the Swains. They had a big rambling house, plenty of help, horses, boats and a good income to keep things going on an even keel.

But suddenly disaster overtook the family. The father died. The income dwindled, and the house, horses and boats had to be sold. There was nothing for the various members of the family to do but to get out and hustle for a job.

Some of the children complained bitterly at

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the unfavorable turn of the wheel of fortune, but May, the youngest daughter, refused to join in the dirge. Instead, she drew out a few dollars she had in a savings bank and invested them in stenography lessons. Then she went to the city and got a job.

Her work was satisfactory and she held her place. Out of her stenographer's salary she has paid her bills for room-rent, board and sundries; kept herself neatly, though inexpensively, gowned, and enjoyed an occasional outing or an evening at the opera or theater.

She has also put aside a dollar or two each week for what she calls her "sinking fund." And best of all, she has been able to go back once in a while to see her brothers and sisters in Virginia, taking some little gift from the city for each.

Meanwhile Jean, from the Highlands, had been working out her economic salvation in the city in another field of useful service.

Jean was one of nine children in a humble

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Scotch home. Knowing that she would have to earn her own way, she decided to become a nurse. Enough money was scraped together to buy a passage to America, and Jean was soon hard at work in the nurses' training school of a big hospital.

She made a good nurse. After graduation she did so well on a difficult case that the physician in charge and his associates have kept her busy ever since.

Being a Scot, canny and thrifty, she has saved her money. Wise investments have increased it, and in a reasonably short time Jean should be able to go back to Scotland with no burden of worry in regard to the future.

May and Jean have made good. But May has a host of friends, while Jean has very few indeed. Why?

May's friends often call her "a good sport." She lives in one room on the top floor of a boarding house. But she makes no apologies, draws no invidious comparisons

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and wastes no time in dreaming over what might have been.

In her one room she entertains her friends with all the grace of a queen. Aided and abetted by a small gas stove and a chafing-dish, she has made a success of many an after-theater party, and has achieved an enviable reputation for hospitality.

May never tells her troubles to anybody. From the day the family fortunes went to smash she has refused to utter a single "funeral note."

Jean tells her troubles to anybody who will listen. As she talks continually about them, these troubles seem many and formidable. And so people "sidestep" Jean whenever they see her coming.

She has a few friends, it is true. But they stick to her on account of sympathy, and the friendship is to them more of a cross to be borne than a crown to be worn.

Financially, these two girls have given

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good account of themselves, their time and their talents.

But friends constitute a wealth more valuable than bonds or realty, and most of us, if we were compelled to choose, would far rather be the cheery May than the gloomy Jean, even though the latter has more money in the bank.

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CHAPTER XII

Tact and Contact

EVERY day we workers must brush elbows with a host of people of assorted sizes, ages and temperaments.

What our calling in life is matters little. Whatever we do, we are bound to meet men, women and children and to associate with them under conditions that demand a certain degree of intimacy.

Contact is an unavoidable condition. It is therefore to our interest to learn how to meet these swarms of people in a way that shall produce the maximum of confidence and good feeling.

If we do not learn this lesson, we cannot hope for success in any pronounced degree.

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If we do not acquire the habits of thought and conduct that we have in mind when we speak of "tact," our chances for becoming anything more than a drudge are very poor indeed.

For contact, this unavoidable condition, tact is the ideal antidote. On the streets, in the cars, in shop or factory or counting room, tact is the quality that neutralizes friction, the lubricator that keeps the wheels of life running smoothly.

Unfortunately it is not a universal gift. Some of us head straight for trouble if there is any trouble in sight. We have a genius for saying the wrong thing, like a certain boy who was invited out to dinner for the first time.

His parents had advised him to comment favorably on the cuisine, if occasion offered. So he remarked, as a starter: "This butter is fine, what there is of it."

Reading in the faces of the family that he

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had made a faux pas, he hastened to add: "There's plenty of it, such as it is!"

Examples of the lack of tact are almost without number. We all know the individual who comes to cheer a sick friend with the statement: "I do hope you will recover, but three of my own relatives died from that complaint."

And the brute who prides himself on being "frank," and makes his alleged frankness an excuse for giving all the horrible details of a gruesome event.

And the unspeakable bore who talks by the hour of his own petty affairs, serenely confident that he is giving his auditors the time of their lives.

To define tact adequately is not an easy matter. But it seems to be based on common sense, foresight, kindliness and a willingness to see both sides of a question, as well as to concede whenever such a course is consistent with honor.

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Without sacrilege, we might paraphrase the scriptural specifications of charity, and say that "tact suffereth long, and is kind; tact envieth not; tact vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

Raised to its highest power, tact keeps the nations of the world on speaking terms with each other. International diplomacy is really little more than glorified tact.

Few of us are called to exercise it on that level, but we do need it in the course of our every-day duties. And until we acquire it, our education in the fine art of living is far from complete.

As for working for the boss,—if we have no tact the chances are that we will last just about fifteen minutes.

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CHAPTER XIII

What Chance Has a Laborer?

WHAT workers think about their work is always interesting. In one of the largest industrial concerns of Philadelphia is a bench-worker who does some serious thinking about his job, and does not object to expressing his thoughts to a sympathetic listener.

He leaves home, carrying his dinner-pail, every week-day morning; works hard at his bench all day, except for a half-hour's interval at noon; and returns home at night glad that he has a place where he may lay his tired head and rest his weary limbs.

This man is married. He has two children, and a longing for living in the country which

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has not yet been gratified. His point of view is here given in his own words, as the writer of these chapters remembers them.

Some folks complain, he said, that the working man has no chance. Well, some of 'em don't seem to have much, but maybe it's their own fault. I've seen plenty of 'em start out with a chance and lose it by drinking too much, or trying to get along without doing honest work.

I have a cousin in Germany. He works lots harder than I do, and longer hours, and yet I get nearly twice as much pay as he does. If he has anything on me it's that the schools there do more to fit his children to earn a living than the schools here do for mine.

But our American schools are pretty good, and if I can only keep well and make it possible for the kiddies to get a little more education than their daddy got, I'll feel pretty well satisfied.

We're not doing so badly as it is. We pay

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our rent and store bills promptly, and every week I put away a dollar or two in the savings bank. That is to guard against possible illness or lack of work. And if no bad luck comes our way, we'll get out to the country to live before many more years have passed.

As far as the job is concerned, I'm not making any very strong kicks. My pay is fair, though not what you would call generous.

My work is a little monotonous, but I have very few worries, and get a good night's sleep every night.

Of course I try often to look ahead and see what the future has in store for all of us. I don't expect to be rich, but I am bound to do better than I am doing now.

I am learning some other parts of the work beside my own, and have my eye on the job of assistant foreman when the next change takes place.

My outlook is pretty good. My wife is con-

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tented, and will be perfectly happy when we get to the country.

My kiddies are doing well at school, and I am making good at the mill.

What chance has a laborer? A pretty good one, it seems to me.

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CHAPTER XIV

One Worker's Ambition

AT my bench, said the mill-worker, I often wonder what is the right answer to the question—Why is a worker?

You remember what Lincoln said about common people—that God must have loved them a lot or else He wouldn't have made so many of them.

We common people must be here for some reason or other, and I've about made up my mind that we are here for two things: to do the world's work and to get something really worth while in return for our labor.

By the latter I don't mean money, altogether. That is necessary, as anyone knows who has to pay rent and buy groceries, milk and ice at present prices.

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I mean something that is bigger than money —something that includes money as one of its parts.

Once I heard the minister talking about fulness of life. I don't know whether he meant just what I do by that term, but I imagine that what the worker wants in return for his labor is a fair share of fulness of life.

Here I am, working long hours every day at a bench. What is fulness of life for me, personally? Well, after all it's a matter of comparison.

If I find myself better off a year from to-day than I am to-day, if I feel that I have moved forward, then I've realized a little fulness of life.

If I get a better position, with more responsibility, work that requires more brain-power, and pay to correspond, I have progressed. If we get a little home in the country and start our longed-for garden, we'll have fulness of life and plenty of it.

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For my wife, fulness of life means a little better place to live in, more good reading matter in our home, a chance to get away once in a while, to see some new sights and have some new adventures.

For my children, fulness of life means more of the comforts that other children have. My boy is eight years old. He plays with the foreman's son, who has a special suit of clothes for Sunday. My boy has to wear the same suit of clothes every day of the week. The result is that on Sunday he stays by himself, dodging the foreman's son as much as possible.

That may sound like a small matter. But it isn't small to my boy, or to me. A boy *ought* to have a special suit of clothes for Sunday, and if I get that job of assistant foreman, that's one of the first things I'm going to blow myself for.

Then there's school. I had to quit and go to work when I was in the eighth grade. I

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want my children to keep on and finish high school at least. I even have a crazy idea that I'd like to send my boy to college.

And the girl, too, for that matter. I may not be able to pay all of their expenses, but the boy, at least, ought to manage to work his way through if I'm not able by that time to pay his freight.

You see what I mean by fulness of life? It is not only having more, but seeing and hearing more, knowing more, and being able to do more for other people.

That's what I think the worker should get in return for doing the work of the world. That's what I'm working for. Isn't that a fair ambition for a laboring man?

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CHAPTER XV

A Rich Poor Man

SOME people, the mill-man said, are land-poor. But my old friend Casey, so his mates in the mill used to say, was child-poor.

Four boys and three girls came to live with Mr. and Mrs. Casey, and every one of them got a hearty welcome.

Keeping the little Caseys fed and clothed on a mill-worker's wage was something of a job. The men at the mill used to sympathize with Pat, but he never felt sorry for himself. He never would admit that supporting seven children was anything but fun.

That was years ago, and the Casey parents have forgotten whatever hardships they had to undergo in bringing the children to ma-

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turity. But let me tell you what became of the seven, and see if you don't think that Pat Casey is about as rich a poor man as ever worked in a mill.

The four boys and three girls are all living to-day. Two of the boys have fair jobs in the mill; one is paying teller of a bank in Chicago; and the fourth, who inherited from some way-back Casey a talent for land, owns a fine big ranch between Denver and Colorado Springs.

One of the girls married a mill-worker; the second hooked up with a prosperous dairyman; the third, by way of variety, worked her way through a school for teachers and finally married a college professor.

The batting average of the seven looks pretty good. Not a boy has ever seen the inside of a police court, and the girls have all married honest, capable men.

You see what I am getting at—the wealth that Pat Casey and his wife laid up when

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they pinched and saved to give seven children a fair education and a decent bringing-up. But here are some particulars.

When Pat got too old to work in the mill, the boys got together and held a quiet meeting. They organized the Casey Comfort Company, Unlimited.

That may sound like a joke, but it's true. The boys formed a company and paid cash for shares, each taking as many as his financial circumstances would permit. The bank-teller naturally bought more than the mill-workers, and the ranch owner took the biggest block of all.

The girls were let in on the plan and their husbands bought some shares, so that the company had a very neat bunch of capital with which to do business.

What do you suppose the business was? Making Father and Mother Casey happy and comfortable for the rest of their lives. With part of the capital the company bought a fine

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little house with an acre of land in one of the suburbs.

With the rest a fund was established, the income of which will keep the elder Caseys supplied with whatever they need in the way of clothing, groceries and carfares as long as they live.

In the summer Pat fusses with his garden. In the early autumn he and Bridget start out and visit the children. By this time they have to visit the grandchildren, too.

Mrs. Casey is crazy about the Colorado ranch, but would you believe it? Pat prefers Ann Arbor. He is all for the college town, where he can hear lectures and concerts and see the rah-rah boys play football.

He says his college education is coming late, but he enjoys it fully as much as he did working for the boss at the mill.

Yes, sir, you'll have to admit that Pat Casey is fairly rich for a poor man.

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